

THE COLUMBIA DAILY PHOENIX.

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By J. A. SELBY.

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THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX.

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BY JULIAN A. SELBY.

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[Original.]

Ballad.

I.
Roar and revel, revel and roar,
Winds that rage on the rock-bound shore,
I hear, but I fear, your wrath no more.

II.
Ye are powers that wait on a mortal fate,
But your roar and your wrath are all too late,
She you would harm lies in sovereign state.

III.
She is guarded by hands of a sovereign night,
By the lightning dart of the pallid knight,
Whose very stare is a doom to sight.

IV.
Break the cold earth, lay bare the mound,
Where she takes her state in a sleep profound—
Oh! would that your roar could break her sound!

V.
Could break those fetters of icy state,
Where, watched by the spells of a despot fate,
She lies, nor dreams of the weeping who wait.

VII.
Why will ye thus your revels keep,
When I would share in that kindred sleep,
Laying me down in the mansion deep.

VIII.
Methinks there are shapes that rise, of trees,
Houses and homes, of all degrees,
And I hear the chanting of mysteries.

IX.
And the children glide by 'in play, nor hear
The howling that pierces my inward ear,
Nor see the state she is keeping there.

X.
How rude the laugh, and the shout how high!
Tearing its way to the very sky,
As if there were no such word as "die."

XI.
Roar and revel, revel and roar,
Ye make the fit song for the silent shore,
Where the sea sings desolate evermore.

XII.
Would ye for her that music make!
Through the great palace of prisons break,
And bid my own beautiful sleeper wake!

XIII.
Ay, drive her forth with a despot hand,
And send her in exile, with dread command,
Into my keeping, and out of the land!

XIV.
So roar, so revel, so revel and roar,
Along the great deep, by the rock-bound shore,
Singing for me of the nevermore—
"The dread, unreturning—the nevermore!"

Modern Jerusalem.

A French gentleman, who delights to frequent the spots on which celebrated poets have dwelt, or whence they derived their inspiration, has published in the *Moniteur* an account of his visit to the 'Gardens of Solomon.' First, he visited the 'sealed fountains'—large subterranean reservoirs, wherein the waters springing from the mountain are collected, and whence the water is conducted to Jerusalem by pipes:

"At a short distance from the reservoirs are the celebrated gardens. They extend along a valley which runs from El Bourach to Bethlehem. It is the most charming spot in all Palestine. Solomon was a good judge in more senses than one. There are murmuring streams winding through verdant lawns; there are the choicest fruits and flowers, the hyacinth, the anemone, the fig tree and the pine. Towering high above the garden, and contrasting grandly with its soft aspect, are the dark, precipitous rocks of the neighboring mountain, around whose summit vultures and eagles incessantly scream and describe spiral circles in the air. The rare plants and flowers which the great enchanter of the past collected within these gardens were protected from the North wind by the mountain. Every gust of South wind was loaded with perfumes. With the

first breeze in Spring the fig tree put forth its fruits and the vines began to blossom. It was, in the words of Scripture, 'a garden of delights.' The vegetation of the North and South were intermingled. One part of the garden was called the Walnut-tree walk, (or, as the English Scripture translation has it, the Garden of Nuts,) another is the Beds of Spices.' The writer's guide was a well educated Italian, who informed him that the gardens of Solomon are now let to an Englishman. 'The present tenant,' he said, 'is Mr. Goldsmith, of the house of Goldsmith & Son. He is under-draining the gardens of Solomon on the Yorkshire system. You will be astonished to see how successful he has been. Here is the house.' I perceived a bright brass knob shining in the centre of a small square of porcelain let into a white wall. Over this knob was the following superscription in the English language, 'Ring the bell.' This bell seemed to my imagination rather an anomaly in the gardens of Solomon—but that is a trifle. We did ring the bell, and we went in. The first thing that struck my eyes were red draining pipes lying about, and bearing the mark of the manufacturers, Samuel & Co., No. 136 Strand. Mr. Goldsmith was draining that Biblical valley, the dew of which was so often brushed away by the naked feet of the Shulamite. It was in the month of September. An American mowing-machine was cutting a second crop of artificial grass on the very spot where the daughters of Jerusalem gathered those lilies of the field which were more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory. A patent reaping machine was rapidly garnering the crop of that glebe in which the sisters of Ruth and the daughters of Naomi were wont to glean. I asked to see Solomon's pavilion, but, alas! the cypress timbers and the cedar wainscoting had been taken down, and in their place is a brick-built cottage, with a roof of red and green tiles. The entrance hall is whitewashed; there is a little parlor with a Birmingham carpet, and a drawing-room papered with a red bordered yellow paper, purchased in Paris, Rue des Moines. The chimney is Prussian, and the curtains are of Swiss muslin. Instead of the servants of the spouse, I found two nursery maids—one from Paris and the other from Florence. The slave who prepares the tents of cedar is now called 'John.' He has red whiskers, blacks his master's shoes, scrubs the floor every day, and varnishes it on Sundays; and if some romantic person should inquire, as I had the naïveté to do, about the dark Shulamite, he will be shown five sweet little English children, redolent of cold cream and Windsor soap, as fair as floss silk, with their hair in corkscrew curls, and wearing prunella boots, blue capes, and green parasols. The cinnamon trees have been cut down for fire wood and the aromatic canes grubbed up, but the five little misses do crochet work under the shade of a *bon Cretien* pear tree. Since the Eastern war, Mr. Goldsmith has obtained the custom of the Pasha of Jerusalem for vegetables. Last year he had seven crops of potatoes, thanks to his wonderful drainage.

Scotland in the Sixteenth Century.

The following graphic picture of Scotland in the Sixteenth Century is from a work by Robert Chambers, recently issued in Scotland, entitled 'Domestic Annals of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution.' Our attention lights, a few years after the middle of the Sixteenth Century, on a little independent kingdom in the Northern part of the British Island—a tract of country now thought beautiful and romantic, then hard-favored and sterile, chiefly mountainous, penetrated by deep inlets of the sea, and suffering under a climate not so objectionable on account of cold as

humidity. It contains a scattered population of probably seven hundred thousand; the Scots—thought to be a very ancient nation, descended from a daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and, living under a monarchy, believed to have originated about the time that Alexander conquered India. A very poor, rude country it is, as it well might be at that age, and seeing that it lay so far to the North, and so much out of the highway of civilization. No well formed roads in it—no posts for letters or for traveling. There was a printing-press in the head town, Edinburgh, but not another anywhere. A regular localized court of law had not yet existed in it for thirty years. No stated means of education, excepting a few grammar schools in the principal towns, and three small universities. Society consisted mainly of a large agricultural class, half enslaved to the lords of the soil; above all, obliged to follow them in war. Other agricultural pursuits to be found only in the burghs, the chief of which were Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee and Aberdeen.

In reality, though it was not known then, the bulk of the people of Scotland were a branch of the great Teutonic race which possesses Germany and some other countries in the North-west of Europe. Precisely the same people they were with the bulk of the English, and speaking essentially the same language, though for ages they had been almost incessantly at war with that richer and more advanced community. As England, however, was neighbored by Wales, with a Celtic people, so did Scotland contain in its Northern and more mountainous districts a Celtic people, also rude, poor, proud, and of fiery temper, but brave, and possessed of virtues of their own. These Highland clansmen—whom the English of that time contemptuously called Red-shanks, with reference to their naked hirsute limbs—were the relics of a greater nation, who once occupied all Scotland, and of whose blood some portion was mingled with that of the Scots of the Lowlands, producing a certain fervor of character—'perfidium in enim Scotorum'—which is not found in purely Teutonic natures. The monarchy had originated with them early in the sixth century of the Christian era, and had gradually absorbed the rest of Scotland, even while its original subjects were hemmed more and more within the hilly North. But, by the marriages of female heirs, this thorn-encircled crown had come, in the fourteenth century, into a family of Norman English extraction, bearing the name of Stuart.

Jeff. Davis' Coffee Set.

We examined on Saturday the machinery of one of those curious souvenirs of the war, that, like their recipients, 'cannot escape history.' We allude to a fancy coffee or tea set—we do not know which—which formerly graced the mansion of President Jefferson Davis, but which was disposed of at auction with silverware, &c., by Messrs. Bell, Elliott & Co., Pearl street, a few days before the evacuation, when Mr. Davis concluded to 'decline housekeeping,' and make a tour for his health. The coffee or tea set in question is a perfect miniature or *fac simile* of a railroad locomotive, with tender attached. The locomotive boiler receives the coffee or tea, makes and discharges it through a spigot; a steam whistle indicating when the tea or coffee is ready.

The boiler of the locomotive is of porcelain, and the figure of the fireman, of the same material, appears on the locomotive vigorously ringing the bell, which, we suppose, means the breakfast, dinner, or supper-bell. The tender, which is an admixture of brass and other metal, carries the sugar in an elegant sugar caisson, with goblet for cognac and stunning small cut glasses.

The sides of the tender are embellished with racks for segars. The most curious contrivance of all is a music-box, located somewhere in the tender, which, being set, plays eight popular airs, sufficient in length to entertain a supper, dinner, or breakfast party. It got obstreperous on Saturday and refused to play 'Dixie.'

The whole establishment, engine and tender, rests upon two beautiful enamelled waiters. As we have said before, the article was disposed of at auction, and purchased by an Italian, A. Barratti, who, several days ago, disposed of the same to Col. Friedman, of Philadelphia, a gentleman well-known in and out of the army. Col. Friedman purchased the souvenir with a view of presenting the same to President Lincoln; and to save the public the trouble of an effort of inspecting the mechanism we have described, we may as well state that the rare article is on its way to Washington and the White House.

It may not be inappropriate to mention that upon the side of the locomotive, in miniature, is emblazoned 'President Jefferson Davis,' showing that the testimonial, locomotive and tender, were built expressly for his use, or pleasure. Upon the front, just where the 'cow-catcher' ought to be, appears the Confederate banner and the battle-flag, entwined with the national ensign of France. Wonder if the whole affair wasn't a present from 'Little Nap,' as a testimonial of his 'sincere regard and sympathy.' [Richmond Whig, April 17.]

HOOD'S LIFE.—My whole course of existence up to the present moment would hardly furnish materials for one of those bald biographies that content the old gentlemanly pages of Sylvanus Urban. Lamb, on being applied to for a memoir of himself, made answer that it would go into an epigram, and I really believe that I could compress my own into that baker's dozen of lines called a sonnet. Montgomery, indeed, has forestalled the greater part of it in his striking poem on the Common Lot, but in prose nobody could ever make anything of it except Mr. George Robbins. My birth was neither so humble that, like John Jones, I have been obliged among my lays to lay the cloth, and to court the cook and the muses at the same time; nor yet so lofty that, with a certain lady of title, I could not write without letting myself down. Then for education, though, on the one hand, I have not taken my degree, with Blucher, yet, on the other, I have rusticated at the open air school, like the poet of Helpstone. As for incidents of importance, I remember none, except being drawn for a soldier, which was a hoax, and having the opportunity of giving a casting vote on a great parochial question, only I didn't attend. I have never been third in a duel or crossed in love. The stream of time has flowed on with me very like that of the New River, which everybody knows has so little romance about it that its head has never troubled us with a tale. My own story, then, to possess any interest, must be a fib. Truly given with its egotism and its barrenness, it would look too like the chalked advertisements on a dead wall. Moreover, Pope has read a letter to self-importance in the Memoirs of P. P., the parish clerk, who was only notable, after all, amongst his neighbors, as a swallower of loaches. To conclude, my life—upon my life—is not worth giving, or taking. The principal just suffices for me to live upon; and, of course, would afford little interest to any one else. Besides, I have a bad memory, and a personal history would assuredly be but a middling one, of which I have forgotten the beginning and cannot foresee the end. I must, therefore, respectfully decline giving my life to the world—at least till I have done with it.

Laughter is not altogether a foolish thing. Sometimes there is even wisdom in it. Solomon himself admits there is a time to laugh, as well as a time to mourn. Man only laughs—man, the highest organized being; and hence the definition that has been proposed of 'Man, a laughing animal.' Certainly, it defines him as well as a 'cooking animal,' a 'tool making animal,' a 'money making animal,' a 'political animal,' or such like. Laughter very often shows the bright side of a man. It brings out his happier nature, and shows of what sort of stuff he is really made. Somehow we feel as if we never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh. We do not feel at home with him till then. We do not mean a mere snigger, but a good, round, hearty laugh. The solemn, sober visage, like a Sunday's dress, tells nothing of the real man. He may be very silly, or very profound; very cross, or very jolly. Let us hear him laugh, and we can decipher him at once, and tell how his heart beats. We are disposed to suspect the man who never laughs. At all events, there is a repulsion about him which we cannot get over. Lavater says: 'Shun that man who never laughs, who dislikes music or the glad face of a child.' This is what everybody feels, and none more than children, who are quick at reading characters; and their strong instincts rarely deceive them. [Blackwood.]

MARRIAGE—LOVE.—Marriage without love is life without health. There is no need to exhort a woman to love her husband, she is sure to do it, she cannot help it; even if her heart be pre-occupied, the sacred tie disposes it to respond to a husband, unless want of affection and kindness on his part prevents it. Her first sensation is a sort of wonder at the good fortune that has given her to the man of her choice; her second a sort of fear that she is not worthy of him, and her third a strange desire to become so; and thus justify his penetration that enabled him to distinguish her among so many, that in her humility she seemed so superior.

Oh! that woman's nature was more studied by those who are destined to become her masters and guardians! that they could understand her deep trusting tenderness; her perceptions of change and indifference, her unbounded capacity of being loved, and the immeasurable gratitude when this essential love and tenderness are accorded. All a woman asks is love. For that she will resign self-will, opinion, long formed habits, everything. Withhold that, heap on her wealth, splendor, pleasure in every form, and you fail to satisfy her. Many a woman languishes amid abundance, and envies the very beggars in the streets, if the latter possess the blessing of connubial love.

Dr. Johnson, in his most prosperous period, contended that school-days were the happiest days of life. 'Ah! sir,' he said, 'a boy's being flogged is not so severe as a man's having the hiss of the world against him.'

Provisions for Sale.

A FEW barrels of FLOUR, a few bushels of RICE and a small quantity of SORGHUM can be had in lots to suit purchasers by applying to the undersigned, at his residence, Winn street, near the Charlotte Railroad Depot, between 8 and 10 o'clock in the morning.
may 20 2* WM. SHEPHERD

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Winn street, near Charlotte Depot.
may 20